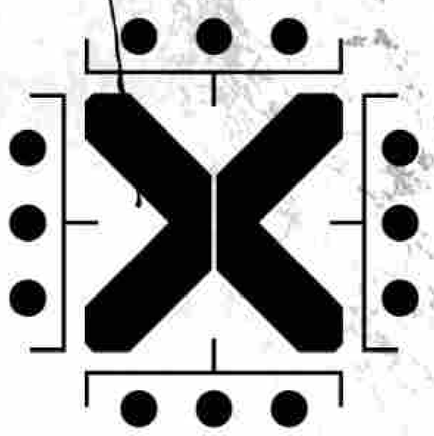
MARVEL 017

FALL OF X

GILLEN
RYP
CURIEL



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“They who have an ear, let them hear what Jean Grey declared to the people. She said that those who believe would not suffer a final death.

“But to Hope, the Angel in Krakoa, she sent thoughts: I offer you a sharp two-edged sword. I am the house where you dwell. Even beside Apocalypse’s throne, I see you. You will hold fast in my name. You will not deny faith in me, even in the days of all the futures past and futures to come, my faithful one, who will be killed in my name, where Apocalypse dwells.”

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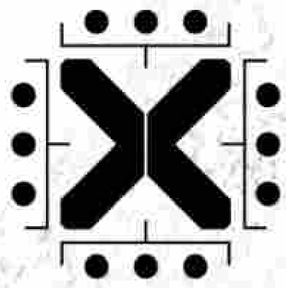
-- *THE BOOK OF APOCALYPSE*
(BENNET DU PARIS TRANSLATION)



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Krakoa.

So... you're still within me, Sinister.

Not quite as before, but there. During the day, I am myself.

But at night, you have controlled me.

You made me do unspeakable things.

Again.

This is unacceptable.

The day is ending.

I will not allow this to continue.

By sunset, you will be gone, one way or another.

I know one way.

Can you provide an alternative?

Charles. I'm sorry. Please don't do this.

You don't understand. Let me *help you* understand.

[fall__of]
[_____X]

FALL OF X

IMMORTAL X-MEN

No Future in Krakoa's Dreaming

Since the mass mutant exile, Xavier has been holding a lone vigil on Krakoa defending it against intruders -- at times with extreme and lethal prejudice. The only issue is...he has no recollection of doing so. His search for answers has led him to Sinister's lab -- abandoned since Sinister's own exile into the Pit following his attempt to hijack and control the Quiet Council by inserting his own DNA into the resurrection protocols -- but what he's found has only led him to more questions.

Meanwhile, Exodus and Hope are reeling from the realization that the desert they have been leading their group of mutant refugees through is, in fact, the White Hot Room, a liminal space that serves as the mutant afterlife, as well as a nexus between all Phoenix hosts. This revelation was heralded by their discovery of Jean Grey in the sand dunes. However, before they can do anything with this information, they'll have to fight their way back to the larger group through the perilous desert and its myriad of enemy constructs.

Elsewhere in the White Hot Room, Mother Righteous and Destiny wait among the rest of the mutant refugees for Hope and Exodus to return. But with Destiny's mutant power of prophecy currently blinded, now might be the perfect time for Mother Righteous to implement her own nefarious plans...

1___[CHARLES XAVIER]
2___[MR. SINISTER]
3___[HOPE SUMMERS]
4___[EXODUS]
5___[DESTINY]
6___[JEAN GREY]
7___[MOTHER RIGHTEOUS]

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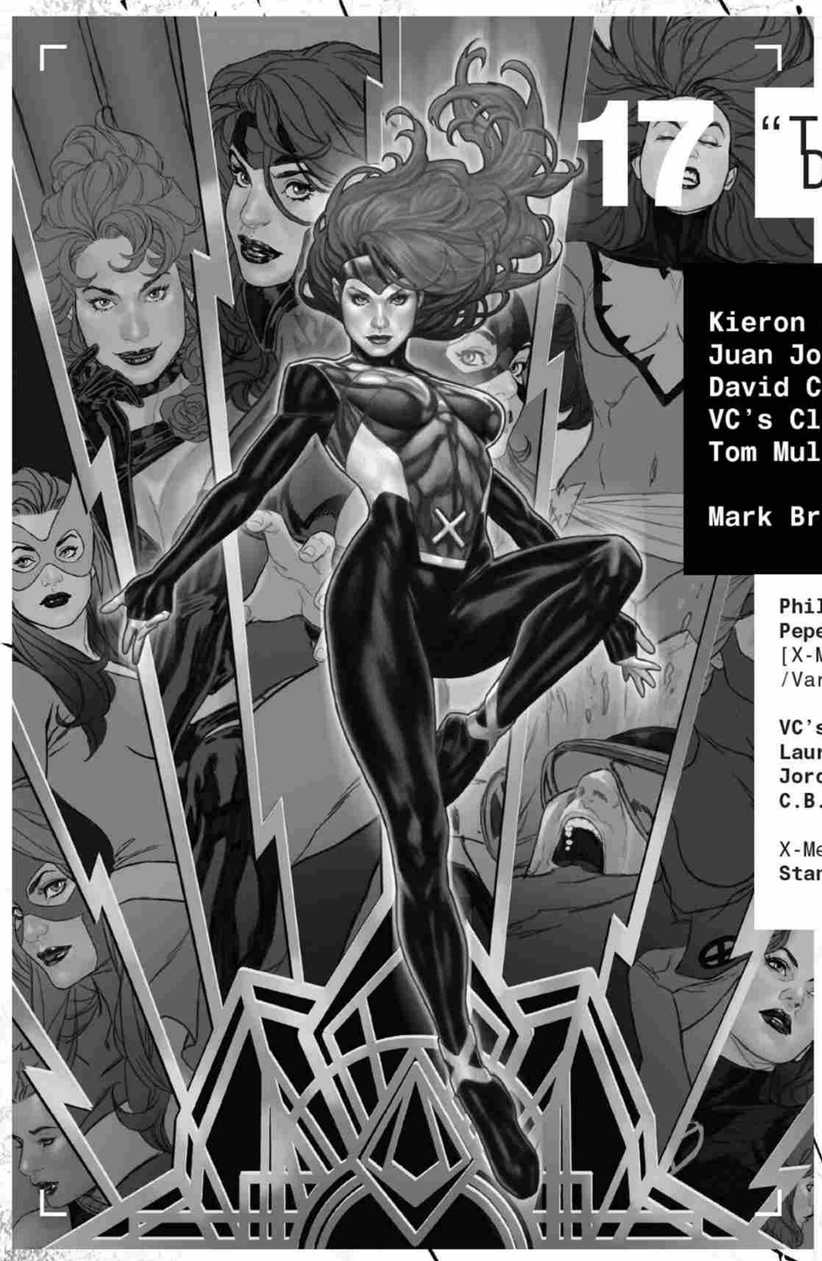


"THE WHITE HOT DANGER ROOM"

Kieron Gillen/Writer
Juan José Ryp/Artist
David Curiel/Color Artist
VC's Clayton Cowles/Letterer
Tom Muller & Jay Bowen/Design

Mark Brooks/Cover Artist

Phil Noto [Quiet Council]; **Pepe Larraz & Marte Gracia** [X-Men 60th]; **Doaly** /Variant Cover Artist

VC's Clayton Cowles/Production
Lauren Amaro/Associate Editor
Jordan D. White/Editor
C.B. Cebulski/Editor in Chief

X-Men created by
Stan Lee & **Jack Kirby**

[Immortal_[0.17]

[fall__of]
[_____X]

The White Hot Room, nowhere, nowhen.

NOW AND FOREVER--

--I AM PHOENIX. NOW AND--

I THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.

WAITING TO COME TOGETHER, IN THE WHITE HOT ROOM... INCUBATING... TO BE BORN ANEW...ALL IN GOOD TIME.

BUT IT'S NOT TIME, IS IT?

SOMETHING'S WRONG.

YET HERE I AM?

AM I?

You must pass, or else all ends.

Now you know. You are the mutant chalice where the future will be wrought.

Okay, Exodus. We're in the White Hot Room.

What does that *mean?*

Jean has a connection to the Phoenix. She must be...***disassembled*** from being here?

It is a higher realm. Spiritual. I have often thought it akin to Tiphareth, from the *Kaballah.*

We're in a place of primal creativity, of ideas made flesh...

WHAT KIND OF SCHOOL IS THIS, SIR?

I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!

Very good. So...

MY CONSCIOUSNESS-- MY FORM AND ITS ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE ON THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE-- DERIVE FROM YOU.

THEY PROVIDE AN... AWARENESS OF YOUR DORMANT EMOTIONS AND MEMORIES...

Everything we've met here. "Logan" as he tried to kill me. "Bishop" who hunted me.

And "Apocalypse"...

...Is the Satan you believe him to be.

He is here, and I am he.

I am created from you. This is *all* created from you.

The end approaches. We all know this. You are testing yourself.

Will you pass?

Will you burn *forever*, or will you be *ash?*

YOU GUYS MAKE ME SICK!! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR COMMITMENT TO PROFESSOR X'S DREAM?

ALL I KNOW IS--

--I'M NOT GOING TO STAND AROUND TWIDDLING MY THUMBS WHILE OUR KIND ARE TOTALLY WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

You are my Satan...

...you are what I must *always* oppose.

Yes. Oppose.

Not beat.

BUT THE FIRES OF THE PHOENIX BURN THROUGH LIES, YOU UNDERSTAND?

THE GAZE OF THE PHOENIX IS LIKE AN X-RAY TEARING THROUGH EVERY DECEPTION.

You believe Apocalypse is stronger than you are.

Satan is greater than your faith. You know Satan will always defeat you.

What belief do you have that can overcome the knowledge that you are a weak knight in a futile crusade, fighting for a paradise that will never last?

I believe in hope.

Hope?

NO LONGER AM I THE WOMAN YOU KNEW.

I AM FIRE AND LIFE INCARNATE! NOW AND FOREVER--

I AM FIRE AND LIFE INCARNATE! NOW AND FOREVER--

I AM FIRE AND LIFE INCARNATE! NOW AND FOREVER--

I AM FIRE AND LIFE INCARNATE! NOW AND FOREVER--

Yes!

--I AM PHOENIX!

I was so ***strong***. I was connected to ***it***. The Force. It touched me and...

...I could feel what you felt about me and I ***was*** what you felt about me. It went in circles, like an engine, like...

I was...

Thank you. I couldn't have done it without you. I--

The mystery of faith. We are ***not*** strong.

Knowledge of that is what makes us strong.

I %$#@&%$ ***hate*** philosophy.

Hgggh!

Hope. Exodus. You have to help me.

I'm--

Jean is the house where I live--and I am the house where Jean Grey Lives.

The White Hot Room is where the Phoenix lives.

You'll learn more about me, boys, in time!

I hope I wasn't too rough...

She's not right.

Let's get her back.

I CAN'T SCREEN OUT EVERYONE'S THOUGHTS. SOME OF THE IMAGES I'M RECEIVING ARE SO...VILE.

BUT I CAN HANDLE THAT.

PART OF ME ALMOST FINDS THOSE THOUGHTS... ATTRACTIVE.

I'm still in the Hole. This is the part of me in you.

So, Forge's cure didn't work?

No, it *did*. Everyone else is clean. But I have older work in you--from my days with Project: Black Womb.

My genome was able to reattach there... but it's old tech you've beaten before.

I hold you by my fingertips. Your conscious mind is too much for me.

So...

...I sleep and you have me murder people in the night.

Only as they came to the island! I'm aware of the irony. All my planning to take over the world with the great psychic power of Charles Xavier, and in these hours, it's just your fingers I need.

I wasn't lying when I went into the pit. One of my peers basically becomes a more terrifying god. I'm working on something to fight it.

You would say anything to ensure I didn't kill you.

So why should I believe anything you say?

You shouldn't...

...but I'm *nothing*.

Come have a look around.

This is what I'm doing right now.

I'll try to hide stuff, but you're Charles Xavier! You'll find whatever you look for.

I'm not in your league. I think we all know that now.

I should have stuck with being Apocalypse's science lackey.

Inner lives are beautiful things. I have walked through the depths of many minds. Like rainforests populated by endless whim and memory, with colors in palettes of dream...

This is cold and empty and sad.

I am sorry for you, Nathaniel. You are full of broken glass. Bad jokes. Memes. There is no weight to you.

You are barely a paper mask.

But it's true.

You don't have anything in anyone else. Hope. Emma. Exodus. Destiny. They're all free.

It's just me. Now that I know you're there, you won't even be able to take me over again.

Emma! It's Charles. Don't ask questions, but some good news.

None of you have any sinister influence anymore. You're free.

Well, *thank you.* Are you clean?

I'm afraid not. Have to go.

So... you believe me?

I do.

You saw this horrific Dominion, and I am the only one you can still influence.

I also saw you have no other real backups.

Just a few little homunculi, who are hardly the real thing you are...

I *was* trying to hide that.

Embarrassing things, out there, causing trouble, ruining my good name.

I should trust my X-Men to fight this Dominion when the time comes. That I didn't relinquish control led to the death of mutantkind. I need to have more faith.

So, if all that is true, and this *is* you, perhaps the greatest use I can give to this world *is* ensure you're gone forever.

Don't waste yourself! You're wallowing in the ruins of your great project.

Me too! I *was* going to become a Dominion. A science god outside of time and space.

I *don't* do it. In the Red Diamond timeline, I came face-to-face with it, and it laughed at me!

It's one of the *other* Sinisters!*

*See Sins of Sinister: Dominion #1! --JDW

Are you sure of that?

Yes. It's a Sinister. I recognized it. It's me, only not.

It let me see enough to know it's true.

We have to stop it. Or failing that, find a way to take it down when its godhood is still fresh.

That's what I've been working on at night. What *can* you do against a foe like that?

I swear, when I had a good solution I'd have come to you.

No, you wouldn't have. Yes, you were working on a way to fight it, but you were *also* looking for a way to take me over permanently.

I saw that too.

Arggh! This radical transparency thing is *highly* overrated.

Yes, I was! Of course I was! I'm *Mister Sinister!*

You said it on the way down. I'm a paper mask. I'm *nothing.*

I'm the best there is at what I do, and what I do is be really @&%&$%# %$&@%&.

But I *lose.*

I *lost.*

Everything I achieved was consumed by the winner and became part of it--this Dominion.

One of my peers will do it. Stasis, Orbis Stellaris or whoever the third one is.

Do you think I can bear that?

You can't trust me...but you can trust me to #$&% them over.

Spite. There's always spite.

I have looked inside you and had my feelings confirmed.

Once again: You would do or say anything to keep on living.

Of *course* I would. I'll say anything.

I'll even say the *truth.*

Listen: Krakoa was a great idea. I wish I hadn't #$&%@# it up.

But I *had* to be a Dominion.

I was compelled.

I sometimes feel I didn't have a choice.

We have to take responsibility for our actions.

That's what I'm trying to do.

No, you're not.

Everything you do or say is coming from spite, fear and everything that is beneath us.

It's all I have, Charles.

It's all I have.

OUR PATHS WILL CROSS NO MORE.

MY DESTINY LIES IN THE STARS.

Exodus and Hope are back. They've found Jean Grey.

Interesting, right?

It is. Though *curious.* Jean Grey. Here. She didn't escape the Hellfire Gala. She died.

Hmm.

"*Hmm*" indeed. They know why.

Let's get you ahead of the curve.

We're in the White Hot Room.

No past, no future, no nothing. It's why your vision isn't working.

But I've got to be honest--I'm more worried about what you may have ***seen.***

Outside time and space.

It can't see me.

Stop! Mother Righteous! You're a Sinister, yes?

You have to STOP!

You don't know what you're--

ARGHH!

Please. Listen--

Sorry, luv. Not in the mood for chatting.

I need to finish you off, hide the body so they can't bring you back, then--

Hey, Irene! The tubers are growing better! We wanted to than--

Hell. Well...I need a distraction.

Time to cash in the remainder of my Krakoan thanks...

--&%#%!

Suoethgir rehtom, uoy knaht.

Mother Righteous stabbed Irene! She...

She *stabbed* her! There was *blood* everywhere, and--

Calm. You have done well, little Kafka. It is in our hands now. Hide.

Wait...what's happening?

Something's strange with Krakoa.

CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I DON'T WANT TO ANYMORE! I'M REACTING TO THEIR THOUGHTS, NOT THEIR WORDS.

YOU FEAR ME, ALL OF YOU, AND WITH GOOD REASON.

WHAT I DO TO THIS PLANT...

...I CAN JUST AS EASILY DO TO YOU.

What got Krakoa angry?

Mother Righteous' doing. She's a witch. Do not suffer one to live.

Why do I always have to be the one to compromise?

Save it.

We need to save people.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'VE DONE--WHAT FORCES YOU'VE SET IN MOTION?!

YOU CAME TO ME WHEN I WAS VULNERABLE.

YOU FILLED THE EMOTIONAL VOID WITHIN ME.

YOU MADE ME TRUST YOU--PERHAPS EVEN LOVE YOU--

--AND ALL THE WHILE, YOU WERE USING ME!

You look like someone who'd like to be somewhere else, right?

Wanna go there?

What is this?

I haven't got my full lab. I have a few things I've pieced together when you thought you were sleeping. McGyvering.

It's Unus plus Tempo. Frictionless transport force-bubble.

It can get us off the island and where we need to be.

You have to leave. Is that going to be a problem?

No. I'm ready. Shaw will stay off the island until he's sorted out the business with the Hellfire Club.

He won't risk crossing me through greed.

Very well. And our first step toward stopping my evil fraternity--

--Muir Island.

SO HARD TO THINK. SOMETHING'S MISSING...

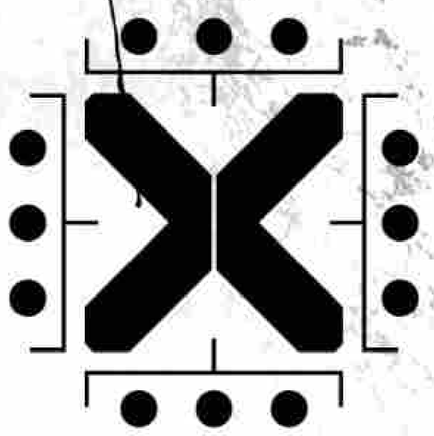
IT'S NOT TIME YET, IS IT?

COLD... DYING?

I'M NEVER COLD.

AND I CAN'T DIE.

CAN I?



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“I know your works, Krakoa. I know your faith and love and devotion and patience. I know your final works will be greatest of all. But I am displeased -- you walk alongside the woman Mother Righteous, who called herself a prophetess. She teaches and seduces the mutants to commit abomination and provide one to be sacrificed to a grand idol...”

-- THE BOOK OF APOCALYPSE
(BENNET DU PARIS TRANSLATION)

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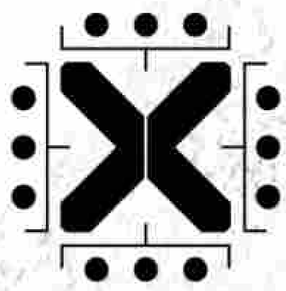

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KRAKOA is for all MUTANTS

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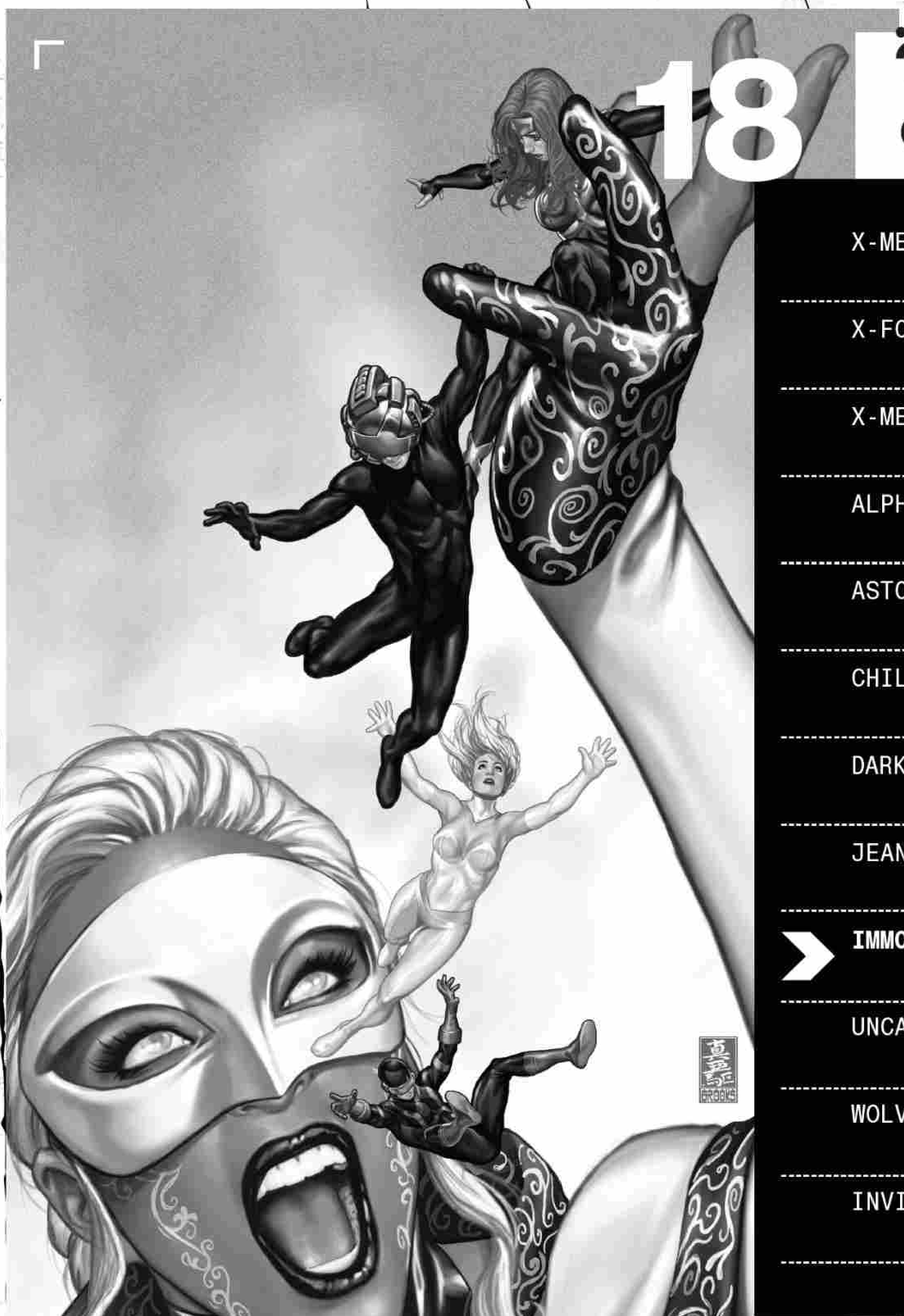

X-MEN #28

X-FORCE #45

X-MEN RED #16

ALPHA FLIGHT #4

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #4

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #4

DARK X-MEN #4

JEAN GREY #4

IMMORTAL X-MEN #17

UNCANNY SPIDER-MAN #4

WOLVERINE #39

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #12

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[koa_[0.0]…]

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KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA